

You Are Just As Wrong

by Cuno

Category: Digimon

Genre: Poetry

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-11 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-11 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:02:28

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 500

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Well, this didn't start OUT as a Digimon poem. Then I re-read it, and it sounded like something Tai might think when he's fighting with Matt. As always, R/R!!

You Are Just As Wrong

You are confusing

>
With your strange ways

>
You leave me musing

>
When something harsh you say

>

>I think I've finally gotten through

>We share a joke and laugh

>Then suddenly, it's like I don't know you

>Your words are like a shaft

>
I admit I haven't helped things

>
I have my own anger and pride

>
In that, we are like two rings

>
Entwined, and hurt inside

>

>We argue almost all the time

>And I wonder why you should even care

>You act like it's a crime

>Just when I am there

>
Just today, we harmonized

>
And for once, I wasn't shunned

>
Then the cold came back to your eyes

>
I wondered what I'd done

>

>Sometimes I just want to hit you

>For being such a jerk

>Our arguments are nothing new

>What is it that you shirk?

>
I know my anger will soon gain the upper hand

>
I will say what I do not mean

>
Then nothing I can do will smooth the sand

>
From the hurt I will so plainly see
>

>Yet am I the only one trying?

>Today, I thought we could get along

>Yet you sent those thoughts flying

>By proving I am wrong

>
I know we never were friends
>
We've always bickered and fought
>
But angry messages are the ones you send
>
And there goes the peace I so often sought
>

>For now, you leave me guessing

>By speaking right out of the blue

>With my emotions you are messing

>Then you're angry when I yell at you

>
I wonder what you try to see
>
Are you trying to break my barrier?
>
Are you trying to see the real me?
>
Your words just make me warier
>

>Often my anger is all consuming

>I want to lash out

>And you leave me fuming

>When you and I do shout

>
Sometimes I wonder
>
If you have any feelings at all
>
It seems the world could be torn asunder
>
And you would care but small
>

>Soon there will be no turning back

>Our hate will reach a climax

>That's why I want to stop the smack

>Before our calm facade starts to show the cracks

>
Full often do I hate
>
The way you're so conceited
>
There's no way your bossiness would abate
>
But I know I will not be defeated
>

>You tell me to be nicer

>To stop using my sharp tongue

>But are you really wiser

>When you are just as wrong?

>
This poem is the result of stressing grades, finals coming up, a regular idiot whom I'm always fighting with, an English teacher who goes on and on about similes and metaphors, and reading Shakespeare.

>
So, it's just this guy that is so conceited, bossy and such a jerk that I hate him.
>
Don't hold my depressing poems against me, they need to come out, and I'm just stressed. Once it's summer, I will be much happier. Vive la summer!
>

>

>

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> <p><p>

End
file.